

## THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN.

(ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT MONDAY.)

T. J. WOLFLEY, Editor and Manager.

Entered at the postoffice at Phoenix, Arizona, as mail matter of the second class.

## NOTICE TO BUSINESS MEN.

The Republican will not be responsible for any bills unless contracted on a written order of the management.

T. J. WOLFLEY, Manager.

## RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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 Weekly, per year, 3.00  
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THE REPUBLICAN can be found on sale at the following places:  
 TUCSON, J. S. Mansfield  
 LOS ANGELES, Edwards & McKnight  
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## NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

From and after this date no "dead head" advertising will be carried in the columns of THE REPUBLICAN. It costs money to set type, and we cannot afford to pay printers for labor on this class of advertising. The Arizona Republican company is willing to devote its cash, in all meritorious public, religious and charitable enterprises, to the extent of its means, but it has established a rule to give away no more advertising. Church and charitable notices will be printed half the usual rates for the same class of advertising, but all other advertising will be charged for at regular rates.

THE REPUBLICAN will in the future, as in the past, devote its best energies to the up building and development of Phoenix and of Arizona, because that is its mission, but advertising ordered at the counting room by individuals must be paid for.

THE ARIZONA REPUBLICAN CO.

Feb. 1, 1892.

## REPUBLICAN CITY TICKET.

For Mayor, JAMES D. MONIHON.  
 For Treasurer, R. F. KIRKLAND.  
 For Marshal, GEO. HAMLIN.  
 For Councilmen, Second Ward, C. ECHMAN.  
 Third Ward, F. A. PHILLIPS.  
 Fourth Ward, E. M. MILLS.

## THE CITY OF PHOENIX.

The city of Phoenix is entering upon a new era of existence. By natural advantages and location it is destined to become the second Denver of the great profuse west. Phoenix has two great sources of wealth and income.

(1) She lies in the midst of the most fertile section of the greatest irrigable stretch of land on the continent. The Salt, Gila and Verde valleys which converge at Phoenix embrace millions of acres of productive soil, and inexhaustible quantities of water. (2) Phoenix is in the center of the great mineral belt, the output of which will some day make itself felt in all the markets of the world. We have gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, asbestos, gypsum, lithographic stone, the rarest kinds of sandstones and marbles, onyx, and others galore. Either of these advantages would be sufficient to create a mighty commercial metropolis—and that is just what we are tending towards. Five distinct railroad enterprises are now headed this way. Within two years two trans-continental roads will be ploughing through our limits. In the last twelve months syndicates from Denver, Chicago, Minneapolis and other great money centers have been found to develop our latent resources. These concerns which represent millions of dollars show their faith in our future by their works.

In the midst of all this quickening and awakening it behooves the city itself to keep step to the music of progress. The ideas of expenditure and improvements, which were suited to a prosperous and infant community are not adapted to the growing needs of our young giant. We cannot stand still, nor remain in the old rut. If we wish to continue to attract the attention of eastern capitalists we must do something to help ourselves. There is a vast amount of city improvement required. This lays in the hands of our council.

Their election takes place Tuesday. The first question that should be asked of every candidate should be: Is he progressive? Partisanship should be laid aside for the public good, and only such men chosen whose records place them unquestionably on the side of public improvements. Big tax-payers, public spirited citizens, honest men, is what Phoenix must have to make up the board of lawmakers for the coming two years if she would prosper. Every citizen is interested in this. Every citizen should be on deck Tuesday morning and vote the progressive ticket from the wide-awake Jim Monihon down.

## JAMES D. MONIHON.

The progressive candidate for mayor, who will ask for the suffrage of the citizens of Phoenix Tuesday, is James D. Monihon. Mr. Monihon was born in Ousida county, New York, November 16, 1827. He went to California when he was 17 years old and engaged in mining till the war broke out. At the time he was president of the Arline Hill Mining Co. He enlisted in company F, 1st regiment, California volunteers, and served three years, getting an honorable discharge at Prescott, where he remained till '63. January 1st, 1870 Mr. Monihon came to Phoenix where he started in making "dobs" with no capital but his indomitable will, energetic character and sterling honesty. From then till now he has accumulated a neat fortune by attention to business. He is president of the Arizona Jockey club, where has gained a reputation for fair and impartial ruling; president of one of the largest water storage concerns in the territory, the Agua Fria Water and Land Co., which involves an expenditure of upwards of \$75,000 in works; and pays taxes on \$2,000,000 worth of property in the city limits. The name of Jim Monihon is synonymous with sobriety, industry, honesty and cash. It is a name dear to the

pioneer element who associate it in all their early struggles and hardships to carve out the new state. It is a name which enlists the younger men, for being a large property owner himself, Mr. Monihon appreciates the importance of keeping pace with the times. As mayor James D. Monihon would not be a plant for corporations, and there would be no jobs without a veto. He himself would be the mayor and not the stool pigeon for clique, gang or concern. He is the style of a man the people want.

## E. M. MILLS.

The candidate on the "improvement" ticket for the Fourth ward, E. M. Mills, is the best man for the place that could be found in the entire ward. Mr. Mills' nomination was distinctly a case of the office seeking the man and not the man seeking the office. E. M. Mills served three years with credit in the Army of the Cumberland during the civil war, and received an honorable discharge. Since his return to Phoenix in 1882, he has held various municipal offices of trust. He has served one term as Fourth ward councilman and a like one for the Third ward. He has also served several terms as deputy United States marshal, and was a member of the territorial board of equalization under Governor Wolfley, all of which positions he has held with a high degree of credit.

In view of Mr. Mills prominent position in public life and his well-known energy and push as a citizen, his nomination for councilman just now, when the entire people demand a change, is peculiarly fitting. Mr. Mills will carry the Fourth ward by a rousing majority, and will not disappoint his constituents when elected.

## FRANK A. PHILLIPS.

Every one who knows Frank A. Phillips knows him to be honest, industrious, upright and progressive. These are four prominent qualifications demanded of a councilman at this critical stage of the game. Frank Phillips' nomination from the Third ward will be supported by a shower of little white ballots on election day. They will be cast by the best and most progressive element in the Third ward, regardless of politics. The needs of the city demand vigorous improvements—reform—change. Things have not been going as they should, and Frank Phillips is the kind of man to stand from under any jobbery or corruption influence. He should be elected by a splendid majority, as a token of appreciation which the residents of the prosperous "Third" feel towards a man of his stamp.

## C. ECHMAN.

C. Echman, nominee on the progressive ticket from the second ward is well known in Phoenix. He has held numerous positions of trust in the territory, among them that of coroner and the responsible one of public administrator. At present he is a director in the territorial insane asylum, which position with others, he holds with credit. Dr. Echman came to Arizona in 1880 and has borne the fruit of a pioneer's life. Since 1884 he has resided in Phoenix, and has always been clearly allied with the onward march of the procession. The second ward will have a capable representative in Dr. Echman and THE REPUBLICAN hasn't the slightest doubt but he is the coming man.

## FRANK KIRKLAND.

The candidate for city treasurer, who is certain of election—Frank Kirkland, is universally well known—and universally popular. He has been a resident of Arizona for over twenty years and held various positions of emolument and honor. Mr. Kirkland was formerly sheriff of Maricopa county, and likewise held the position of city treasurer in former years. He is a man of sterling honesty, and about whom very little need be said. His acts for twenty years past speak louder than any written praises and they are known by every man, woman and child in the community of any residence. Mr. Kirkland is a safe man to take charge of the city funds. He will be elected without any possible question.

## A GOOD TICKET.

If you are in for progression and improvement see that these names are on your ticket when you vote Tuesday:  
 For mayor—J. D. Monihon.  
 For treasurer—Frank Kirkland.  
 For councilman—Second ward, C. Echman.  
 For councilman—Third ward, Frank A. Phillips.  
 For councilman—Fourth ward, E. M. Mills.  
 It's a sure winner.

OVER A WEEK AGO THE REPUBLICAN published two columns of interviews from prominent Democrats and Republicans on the needs of the city, as to its councilmen for the coming two years. Ninety-eight per cent favored good men regardless of politics and men pledged to progress and improvements. Straws show the current of the wind. If the city council for the past year was progressive there would be no demand for a change. As a change is demanded it is not difficult to figure out that Mayor Campbell can hardly run on a progressive platform when he has served two years in an anti-progressive capacity as mayor.

MAYOR CAMPBELL, who is now running for re-election, voted for the "sound" passage of the sewer ordinance. Tom Smith and J. H. Burger, two other Democratic councilmen, were too conscientious. There may have been nothing wrong in the ordinance, but the manner in which it was introduced through smelly pincetorial, to say the least.

NEARLY'S ADDITION is largely Democratic, but it is progressive just the same and Frank Phillips will get a rousing majority from that favored section of the city. Nearly's addition will line up on the right side to be counted Tuesday. They want improve-

ment out that way and something done to enhance property.

VOTE ACCORDING TO YOUR CONVICTIONS Tuesday, not by party bias. The city's interest demands good, live, wide-awake business men, not politicians. We want tax-payers who have the city's interests at heart, not professional office-seekers who are waiting to "get off" on front franchises and public stunts.

TUESDAY WILL BE THE TURNING POINT in our municipal affairs. Voters have it in their power to determine whether the same retrogressive moss-back policy should be pursued for two years to come or whether Phoenix shall experience a new birth.

MONIHON WILL MAKE THE RIGHT KIND of a mayor. No corporation will slip through franchises without Monihon knowing what's in them. He will see that the city gets off as well as the corporations, also.

MALCOLM MCNAIR, a prominent Phoenix Democrat, offered last night to net \$200 with Maj. Evans that Monihon will take the bet. Straws show the current of the stream.

EVERY CITIZEN OF PHOENIX who wishes to see the city progress as it should in the next two years will vote right on Tuesday. Lay aside all partisanship and vote for the best man.

FRANK PHILLIPS is the right kind of timber for the council. He has hosts of friends who approve of his business and social methods. They will see to his election in the Third ward.

THE VOTE TUESDAY WILL NOT BROW down to party lines. It will be progress or standstill. The city has stood still long enough.

THE CRITICAL PERIOD OF PHOENIX is at hand. Your vote may decide whether we shall move or stay in the rut. Its a big responsibility.

JIM MONIHON is having an enthusiastic canvass. The tax-payers know what they want when they see it. They want Monihon.

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME in the elder day. At the present all roads lead to Phoenix, but they are badly in need of repairs.

VOTE FOR E. M. MILLS in the Fourth ward and you will have a competent, able representative. Mills is not a moss-back. He's progressive.

IF MAYOR CAMPBELL is in favor of progression it has taken him two years to make up his mind. A sort of a death-bed repentance.

ARE WE GOING AHEAD OR BACKWARD? Your vote Tuesday will throw its weight one way or another. Be careful which way it goes.

DR. ECHMAN is a heavy tax payer and a representative citizen. The second ward needs his services.

PET DOWN THE LONG FRANCHISES and pet schemes. Give us a business government for the next two years.

JO CAMPBELL'S NAME WILL BE JO DANIELS after Monday. Jim Monihon has the right shape for mayor.

TAKE IN THE SUB-DIVISIONS. Give us a city of the magnitude which we deserve.

THERE ARE NO STRINGS ON JIM MONIHON, he would be mayor himself.

A VOTE FOR ECHMAN is a vote for a man who will put down sidewalks.

PROGRESSION AND IMPROVEMENT is the order of the day.

MILLS WILL CARRY THE FOURTH WARD two to one.

WE MUST LAY ASIDE SWADDLING CLOTHES.

VOTE TO MAKE PHOENIX A CITY.

PROGRESS AND REFORM.

THE PASSER BY.

PHOENIX just now is in need of a good importation of servant girls. The quality at present is scarce, and the quality—well it could be improved upon. A servant girl may be just as much of a lady, as her mistress, but each know their places, and the best place is not in the parlor. In this Democratic country (no political application) where fortunes play see-saw, maid and mistress are oftentimes liable to change position. But whatever position one occupies in life, one should strive to fill it with excellence. One should not shrink the responsibility which any honorable employment brings. It is always best to adapt or deliver circumstances because circumstances won't shape themselves to us.

Speaking of servant girls, one source of trouble and vexation is the familiarity with which some people treat those in their employ. I do not say that the employee may not be as good as gold as the employer, mind you. In the language of the immortal bard whose poems scent of Scotch heather:

"A man's a man, for a' that,  
 For a' that."

and so may be a woman also. The glintling gown oftentimes covers a pure heart than the vapid bodice trimmed with eider down. Its a deplorable fact, however, that right here in Phoenix more than one kitchen maid claims the "couch" on the woman of the house through some confidence, in which they are both interested in keeping. When a woman employed to cook makes the assertion in divers places that "she is sure of her position" because she knows too much, some one is to blame. Half the dowdiness in life are brought about by weapons, unthinking and short-sighted people put into the hands of their enemies. How a woman of social standing, a wife—and mother perhaps, can so far lose her judgement even after she has forgotten the simple bedside teachings of virtue and loyalty as to place herself and her innocent offspring at the mercy of a social inferior whose silence is simply pur-

chased by a position, passes my comprehension. Yet I am told that here in Phoenix such cases have been mentioned.

Speaking of the inner relations of the family of the Enterpriser at Tucson has the following which is apropos:

Man's wickedness and woman's frailty has ever been a prolific theme for scientists and poets to write about, and sing about, since the foundation of social relations, and yet the subject remains as fruitful and interesting as ever. It is very rarely the case that a chaste woman is ever insulted, or even an effort made to lead her into temptation. A lady as a wife may be free joyous, and even hilarious, and still give no secret sign, in word, look or gesture, that would convey impropriety. And while we have no excuse to offer plotting, professional scoundrels who cruise around as pirates on the sea of social life, still we do affirm most emphatically that much of the ruin brought upon families, has been superinduced by married ladies, who, possessed of the spirit of overworking civility, and being blessed, or damned, as the case may be, with great personal beauty, pride themselves upon their captivating qualities—flirting at first as an "innocent amusement"—just to test their power, and so the poor lambs as readily fall into the traps ready to ensnare them, as shot birds down an inclined plane. There is a class of men, very much like hungry suckers that nab at a bait before it is well thrown out to them or would even bite at the naked hook.

The relation of husband and wife is one of the most important, closest and sacred in our lives. It is the foundation of all human beings take upon themselves, and the very effort made by man or woman to weaken and cast suspicion or ridicule upon their relations, consigns the reckless wrecker to eternal infamy. Underlying however, nearly all these unfortunate social casualties, there are extenuating causes, many of which lead up to the grand culminating point. There are so many matches not made in heaven—but made through the influence of intriguing and designing parties—so many are matched that are not matched; so many unspoken incongruities; so much incompatibility of disposition and temperament, that the relation of husband and wife is to endure unmitigated torments. Dante's Inferno, with its numerous and horrible tortures inflicted upon the lost in hell, lacked one important factor to complete the perfect picture of human suffering; and this would be the relation of husband and wife, eternally prevailing of misadventure, conjugal relationship. It is the clearest, purest quintessence of human wretchedness a naked soul ever baptized in. Incongruity, naturally—not necessarily—leads to infidelity, particularly on the part of the wife, and to ruin. A happy home is the most perfect heaven this earth can afford, and the man or woman who would jeopardize it simply, and innocently as they may at first imagine, to tread a while on forbidden grounds, is simply and unconsciously the most ungrateful traitor that ever took upon themselves the vows of the marriage relation. If your home is a happy one, keep it so; sacrifice your life rather than your honor. If your home is an unhappy, miserable one, and if to redeem it, break it up and get away from it, the sooner the better. But this last extreme should not be entertained until the inevitable pointed to no other way.

"People talk about the wickedness of lies, but I would like to know how they could be got along without it in polite society. Imagine for a moment an afternoon call, for example, where both hostess and visitor had on sentimentalized their minds to speak with entire frankness and truthfulness. Figure to yourself the mistress of the house in the act of entering the drawing room. Instead of rustling impulsively forward and grasping the visitor's hand with a pleasant smile, and words expressive of pleasure at seeing her simply says:

"You ugly old thing, why on earth have you come to bother me with a call this afternoon?"

"Simply for the sake of getting through with an unpleasant duty," replies the visitor. "I hoped very earnestly that I should not find you at home."

"If I had had any notion that you were coming I should have told the maid to say that I was not receiving," returns the hostess. "What a horribly unbecoming gown you have on."

"Such a remark coming from a woman so notoriously badly dressed as yourself seems rather absurd," rejoins the visitor.

"At about that point in the conversation the restraints of politeness are altogether dispensed with, and clapping and hair-pulling follow."

"Certainly it would not be possible to conduct affairs on such a basis. The conditions of civilized life are to a high degree artificial, and we are all of us compelled by circumstances over which we have no control to act parts, very much as if we were on the stage, instead of being our real selves."

"I have known a good many persons who made it a point to be particularly frank, deeming it a virtue and going so far as to boast of it. They would not hesitate to say disagreeable things, implying that so long as they were true there could be no harm in uttering them. Such people do not realize that they are acting in imitation of savages. After all, the most important difference between the savage and the civilized individual lies in the fact that the latter exercises a restraint upon the natural impulses. It is always the most natural impulse to tell the truth. A falsehood signifies constraint by fear or other motives."

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with the battlements of burg monn-zollern. For miles on every side it is the most striking feature of the country, and rising as it does straight up out of a great plain and commanding an unobstructed view of all surrounding approaches, it represented down to our century a military position readily appreciated.

It has been twice in ruins, and twice built up again by the united efforts of all the family. The present castle was commenced in 1850, with a view not merely of preserving the cradle of the Prussian kings, but equally to represent in south Germany a military stronghold of some value. While, therefore, the architect has been given a free hand, in order to make the outward appearance harmonize with the geographical situation, all the requirements of modern warfare have been taken into account in the construction of the massive zigzag of defensive wall.

A company of infantry were tramping out to drill as we came under the walls, which made us rather wonder where they could all find standing room together for the purpose, until we discovered a little terrace out of the side of the slope, somewhat like the one on the Quebec citadel.

The day was hot, our coats were off, our waistscoats loose and sleeves rolled up as we sought the public room of the castle, where a retired sergeant provided mediocre food at rather high prices.

Of course the "Kastellan" showed us the castle, but the rooms being modern the interest is rather with historic associations than with the objects themselves, precious as many of them are. The present emperor has not visited the place since his advent to the throne, and it has never been much lived in by any of the royal family. A reason naturally suggests itself in the distance from Berlin, the smallness of the space available for an imperial suite and the absence of entertainment in the neighborhood. —Pontypridd Bigelow in Harper's.

## A Russian Doctor.

A Russian journal reports an interesting case of a philanthropic physician. Visiting the patients of his districts, the doctor found that in many instances their sickness was caused by hunger. To the most needy he prescribed "six pounds of pure rye bread" of doses of two pounds a day. He ordered his patient to get the medicine at the drug store of the nearest village, where it would be issued free of charge every day. The good doctor made arrangements with the druggist to supply the flour at his expense. In this way his patients will be kept from starvation the whole winter.

## Lost in an Abandoned Mine.

An old gold mine near Georgetown, Cal., long since deserted by its owners, is still visited by miners who take out an occasional grub stake.

Henry Fraser, an old Georgetown miner, went into the mine ten days ago to work a claim about a mile underground. He lost his candle and matches, and was unable to find his way among the hundreds of passages.

For ten days he was without food, water or light, and suffered untold agonies. His friends grew anxious at his long absence and started out in search of him. They immediately repaired to the mine and found him more dead than alive, about a mile from the mouth of the tunnel.

## A Reasonable Explanation.

Our little James, four and a half years old, was pointing out a cow to a playmate. "See the bell around her neck," he said; "do you know what that is for?" That was what she rings when she wants to tell that dinner is ready." —Cor. Babyhood.

## Unconsciously Correct.

Cumso—Well, Ebenezer Snowball, how did the lawyer treat you when you were on the witness stand?

Snowball—He made some very interrogatory remarks to me, sah.

## HARP OF THE DESERT.

Harp of the desert whose tuneful strings inspired the muse that Homer sings, I wake my heart with tones of lay. To sing the songs of modern day. To weave in phantasy the dream Of Arizona's strange and weird.

Land of the cactus and the pine, Land of abundant corn and wine, Land of the brave who fought the foe; Home of the fair, and the mistletoe, Oads of rest and sweet repose, Heaven of repose in our native land.

When Sappho dawned on the Grecian sands And struck the strings with her milk white hands, The strains spread over the Mediterranean sea And burst through the billows of Hercules. They dated o'er the foam of the Atlantic wide And are sung by the swynes on the other side.

Roman girls caught the Grecian strain And rendered the song of youth again; In Arno's bowers, in Tiber's caves, Wherever the sea's sweet waves Italian music extend the waves.

On Alpine peaks where freedom floats The Swiss sing their freedom notes, On gay Lucerne, in stern Geneva, The Swiss sing their freedom notes, Till Europe caught the sweet refrain And freedom's song will be sung again.

The French caught up the Marseillaise As the apostle sang for battle days, And France tremble when Frenchmen sing The song composed to down the king. Long live the Marseillaise—erst while, All honor to brave Ronguet de la.

The English minkals sing sweet lays, But the English brow's not crowned with bays For England and the desert are far apart, And hope does not spring from the English heart.